

# Samoan Ceremonials

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ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO THE KING

WITH the mild persistence characteristic of their race, the natives of Samoa have declined to permit the white man to abolish the habits and customs that developed in their beautiful islands during the long centuries before the conquering stranger came. They have dropped their primitive religion and become Christians—on the surface, at least. The "mission girls" allow themselves to be clad from neck to heel in white "Mother Hubbards" and in Aia all the women wear some scanty covering for the upper part of the body, though none of them will put on shoes and stockings except while attending church. But in most other respects these lovable brown people live as they always have lived.

This is notably true concerning the ceremonies, those of daily observance as well as those which mark some great occasion. It was my good fortune to be in Samoa at a time when it was possible to witness various ceremonials not often seen. Mafeta was recently dead, Mafeta was elected king by a majority of the people and Tano had been chosen by the minority and, what was more important, by the Protestant missionaries. From all parts of the little archipelago the adherents of Mafeta had assembled on Mulinu Point, just outside Aia, and there took place almost daily some decidedly picturesque doings.

Greatest and best of these, naturally, was the coronation of the white-haired old chief, though the word is a misnomer for there was no crown. Mafeta sat alone in the center of a large open space, and all around, in the shelter of palms and banana trees, were thousands of natives and the entire white population of Upolu island. The king's own house was turned over to the consuls, naval officers and other distinguished persons. When all was ready five ancient "talking men" representing the chief districts, advanced until within a hundred feet of Mafeta and delivered long addresses to him upon his duties as ruler, concluding with the administering of what passed for the oath of office. The king replied with utmost dignity, rising to speak, and the talking men thereupon closed in on him and seated him with a sacred oil. His majesty then retired amid the loud cheers of his people, and the rest of the afternoon and the evening was given up to feasting. The innocent revelries were not lessened by the fact that bloody war was imminent. On the other side of the town were encamped the forces of Tano, and to precipitate the conflict there was needed only the decision of the white judge of the supreme court that Mafeta's election was invalid. That came later, and so did the fighting.

Next day we all went out again to see a "talo," or food procession. Once more Mafeta sat in state, and before him filed his subjects, a long line of men, women and children. Leading the delegation from each district or village was its special taupo, the maiden who is designated official hostess of her village and who retains the office until her marriage. She was attired only in the old-time lava lava, or skirt of bark cloth, and her ornaments consisted of flowers, wreaths and plenty of palm oil. Chanting some ancient song in archaic language, she danced in advance of the slowly moving and chanting procession for some fifty yards and then waited until the talking men who led it reached her side. This was repeated all along the beautiful pathway until the "throne" was reached. As each person passed the king he or she tossed in a heap before his majesty some article of food. One might bring a live pig, trussed up but squealing; another a squawking fowl, or a fine fish wrapped in fresh leaves; another a huge bunch of bananas, or a basket of pineapples. But not one was without his offering, even if it was but a breadfruit or a piece of taro. So, dancing and singing, the parade passed, and then, without any sense of the ridiculous, broke up, turned back and helped the king eat up all the gifts. That was indeed a monster feast.

Perhaps the people ate up Mafeta's food with the less compunction because they knew how abstemious he was. One morning I called on his majesty by appointment and found him at his breakfast. The royal meal consisted of a bowl of kava and two bananas, big purple ones of a variety not known here; and the king courteously offered to share the fruit with me. Grave, wise-looking and big physically, mentally and morally, Mafeta sat there cross-legged in his simple hut and chatted with me about his loved friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, munching his banana and driving away the flies with his fly-sapper. He was a true nobleman and his death had seemed deserved more than the four-line



SAMOA GIRL IN WEDDING ATTIRE



TUPO AND TALKING MEN LEADING THE TALOLO



SAMOA GIRLS MAKING KAVA

Perhaps the German papers paid some tribute to his memory, for the Germans in Samoa, though they could not maintain him on the throne against the Americans and the British, recognized his worth by making him high chief of German Samoa after the partition of the islands.

The making and drinking of kava is a daily ceremony of the Samoan household. Kava is their ordinary beverage, but there is never any relaxation of the formal etiquette connected with its consumption. It is made and served usually quite early in the morning. Already the members of the family have taken their daily bath in the sea or, preferably, in a stream or fresh water pool, and the women have dressed their abundant black locks. The big wooden kava bowl is taken down from the hut post and the maidens prepare the dried root of the pipper methysticum. Formerly they chewed it after carefully rinsing out their mouths, but in later times it usually is grated. One of the girls sits in front of the bowl and pours water upon the kava; meanwhile stirring it with a mass of fibrous root which serves as a strainer. This from time to time she tosses over her shoulder to another girl, who shakes from it the debris and throws it back into the bowl. Every motion, the stirring, the tossing, the shaking, is done in a stated way that must not vary.

Finally the drink is brewed and the fact is announced by the clapping of hands. This is a general invitation to everyone within hearing to enter and participate, and the sound is a welcome one to the thirsty wayfarer. Neighbor and stranger are alike welcome. When all are seated in a circle as large as the house permits, the maiden who made the kava proceeds to serve it. Filling to the brim the polished, thin shell of a half a coconut, she sends it by another girl to the member of the household or the guest who is highest in rank. He receives the shell in both hands, and with the salutation "manuia"—good health and fortune—empties it at a single draught. To remove the cup from the lips before it is empty is a serious breach of etiquette. The newcomer in the islands finds this somewhat of a task, for at first kava is not a delectable beverage, tasting much like soapuds. But the liking for the drink grows rapidly and one soon admits that it is both refreshing and delightful.

Having emptied his cup of kava, the drinker returns the shell to the maiden by spinning it across the floor, never by the hand of the girl who brought it to him. My first attempt to do this sent the cup so far wide of the mark that it altogether upset the gravity of the occasion and covered me with confusion.

Not only in the morning does the kava drinking take place. It marks all important events or conferences, and once it was my privilege to be present when every single point of old-time etiquette was rigidly observed, even to the chewing of the kava root by the maidens. I had carried to Mulinu an important bit of information for the Mafeta leaders—a tip that the British were to land a party of marines to search the point for weapons—and while the guns were being hastily concealed in the bush or carried aboard canoes, the leaders were assembled to discuss the news. As they talked three really handsome taupo maidens prepared the kava in the good old-fashioned way, and so nicely was it done that I had no desire to decline the cup even

notice it received in the newspapers.

If common courtesy had not demanded that I accept it without hesitation.

Perhaps in writing of ceremonies the marriage ceremony should not be omitted. But that rite, as we know it, really is omitted by the Samoans, except those who have been educated by the missionaries. The latter always demand a "mission marriage," but other natives still are satisfied with the ancient forms, which consist in the main of an exchange of presents and a feast. Divorce with them is even easier, for the dissatisfied one merely leaves his or her mate. But while the marriage is in force the Samoan sets an example to more civilized peoples in the matter of conjugal faithfulness. Lack of dress does not necessarily mean laxity of morals, the opinion of the casual tourist to the contrary notwithstanding.

## HOW ANIMALS LIVE IN WINTER.

Winter is coming, and the wild creatures in the north are preparing for the cold months. Some, like the squirrel, store up food, but many more go to bed to sleep through the cold days when food is scarce. This winter sleep is called hibernation.

Each animal chooses some comfortable place for its long rest. The woodchuck rolls up in a burrow in the hillside; the coon and bear find caves among the rocks. Many of the warm-blooded animals do not sleep all winter, but take long naps from which they awaken on warm days.

The cold-blooded creatures hibernate, too. Snakes knot themselves up under a log or rock; toads, wood frogs and tortoises push down in the soft earth; mud turtles and water frogs bury themselves in the bottom of shallow streams and ponds.

They all sleep until hunger wakes them, and the first thing they do in the spring is to hunt for a good meal.

If you want to see something hibernate it is easy to keep a box turtle or a water turtle all winter, in a box of earth and moss with a pan of water at one side.

Before they go to sleep don't forget to feed them every two or three days bits of raw meat or earthworms. They do not care to eat every day and are able to go a long time without food. A box turtle which a boy has had in the house for two years went to sleep the first winter just as though he were out in the cold, but the second winter he only took short naps and had become so tame he would eat out of the hand.—Mabel R. Goodlander in the Churchman.

## A Slight Mistake.

"What are you doing here? I should not think such an out-and-out horseman as you would find pleasure in a musical farce."

"I don't care anything about the farce. I came to see the ponies they said were in the piece."

## Mutual Distrust.

"You wouldn't tell a trusting girl things you didn't mean, would you?"

"No, indeed," he answered. "Say, you wouldn't ring in a dictograph on a fellow, would you now?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Superfluous.

"Why does a ship have to have an anchor?"

"To keep her fast when she is at a port or where she wants to stop."

"But doesn't she always keep her hold?"

## LIFE IN THE HAREM

Hospitality and Luxury in a Turkish Home.

Women Spend Their Time Playing Cards, Listening to Professional Story-Tellers and Eating—Perfume Baths Taken.

Constantinople.—Hospitality among the Turks is carried to a fine art. A short time ago it was my privilege, writes a correspondent, to spend some weeks in the harem of the son-in-law of one of Turkey's greatest generals, whose leg, shot off in the battle of Plevna, was buried in a cemetery side by side with the body of his grandchild. My hostess knew nothing but Turkish. She was young, beautiful and happy. Sixty slaves were always ready to do her bidding—not slaves in our sense of the word, but more like adopted children.

The square, spacious house stood in a lovely garden, and was divided into two portions, one-half (the haremlik) occupied by women and the other half (the salamlık) by men. The sofas and chairs in the drawing-room were covered with red and yellow silk, and here ladies and slaves, all wearing loose garments like dressing gowns, sat for hours chatting or playing cards or backgammon, or listening to the tales of the miradus, the professional women story-tellers. They have no regular hours for meals, snacks of food being brought to them at all hours. They did not sit at table in the dining-room, where the host entertained his friends and where foreign ladies were admitted.

Visits to a harem are looked upon as an indefinite thing. Some of the ladies staying in the house had arrived with a small bundle of clothes for a few days and had stayed on more than a year. On an embroidered carpet in one corner of the room a large tray on short legs held all courses of each meal, placed there before the repast began. Women, old and young, in picturesque, flowing garments and swathed heads, handed delicious stews, one or two meats, and vegetables and rice in every form. The windows opened from the inside, behind wooden, immovable lattices. Flower baths were a great institution. There were baths of rose leaves and baths of heliotrope—rose petals were rubbed in the hair and



Summer Quarters of a Wealthy Turkish Family.

scalp and over the whole body. The ordinary Turkish baths were built away from the house and seemed to be occupied all day long. Until the age of twelve boys remain in the harem. At thirteen or fourteen girls don the tcharchaf or veil and are considered fit for marriage.

There is many a bride of fifteen with a husband of seventeen. Marriages are arranged by the two families; the bridegroom does not see the bride until after the marriage ceremony, when he raises the veil. If he omits to do this she remains his official wife only in name. Each Turk is allowed by the Koran to have four legal wives, but most of them nowadays are satisfied with one.

## "FAT JOB" IS DISCOVERED

\$9,000 Position in Missouri Is Revived After a Lapse of Thirteen Years.

St. Louis.—A state appointive office, with fees estimated at \$9,000 a year, which has been overlooked for 13 years, was filled for the first time with the appointment by State Auditor Gordon of Thomas Bond, a young attorney, as the auditor's local counsel in the collection of the collateral inheritance tax. How the lucrative position had been overlooked so long, politicians are at a loss to understand.

## TWO BEANS TAKEN FROM MAN

Doctor Removes Pellets, One of Which Had Begun to Sprout, From Ear Tube.

San Bernardino, Cal.—Two beans, one of which had sprouted into an embryo plant, were removed from the head of a Mexican laborer here by Dr. H. V. Beeson. For months the man had complained of severe pains. The beans had entered his head through his left ear. The growing plant was nearly an inch long, and apparently had flourished in the ear tube.

## BLAME PLACED ON PHYSICIANS

Growth of Drug Habit in United States Alleged to Be Due to Opiates Ordered in Prescriptions.

That 99 per cent. of all the cocaine and morphine manufactured in this country is used by persons who have formed the drug habit through physicians' prescriptions is the startling statement made by Dr. L. F. Kebler, Chief of the Division of Drugs, Department of Agriculture. This statement, and others, proving that physicians and not "patent" medicines are responsible for the appalling growth of drug addiction in the United States was made by Dr. Kebler in an address at Washington, before the American Society for the Study of Alcohol and Narcotics.

Dr. Kebler is quoted by Washington papers as having declared that drug using had increased 100 per cent. in the last 40 years, and that American medical men were not discriminating enough in their use of opiates. Their overindulgence to their patients, he said, is creating thousands of drug users every year.

"It is a very sad thing to say that our physicians are doing the greatest work in promoting the use of cocaine and morphine," said the doctor. "State laws are not saving the public from the grip of the drug habit, and the American public is sinking tighter and tighter into the black abyss of the morphine and cocaine fiend."

"The worst of it is that the importation of opium into the country is becoming larger and larger year by year. I have heard it said on reliable authority that 99 per cent. of the cocaine and morphine manufactured in this country is used by persons who have formed the habit through doctors' prescriptions."

Almost simultaneously with Dr. Kebler's address, Dr. J. A. Patterson, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in a public statement said that 19 out of every 20 patients who come to an institution with which he is connected for treatment for the drug habit owe their downfall to physicians' prescriptions.

## Eager for His Rights.

As little Freddie had reached the mature age of three, and was about to discard petticoats for manly raiment in the form of knickerbockers, his mother determined to make the occasion a memorable one. The Bristol Times tells what happened.

The breakfast table was laden with good fare as the newly-breeched infant was led into the room. "Ah!" cried the proud mother, "now you are a little man!"

The fledgling was in ecstasies. Displaying his garments to their full advantage, he edged closer to his mother, and whispered: "Mumme, can I call pa Bill now?"—Youth's Companion.

## SHORT ON BROTHERLY LOVE

Luckily William Had Grace Enough to Remember That Henry Was Sacred.

William was not kind to his small brother Henry; in fact, he looked upon him as a nuisance, a scourge sent from heaven to try his spirit and spoil his fun. Especially that day was Henry a thorn in the older boy's flesh. In his efforts to rid himself of his burden, William resorted to all the methods the mind of youth suggested, but in vain. Henry continued to stick as close, if not closer, than a brother. "William," finally said the boy's father, who had witnessed, unheard, the final paroxysm of the unequal struggle, "you should be ashamed of yourself to treat your little brother in that way! He ought to be scared to you."

William made no reply; but shortly afterward, believing himself to be free of surveillance, he was heard to address Henry thus: "Always taggin' after me! If you weren't sacred I'd break your blamed face for you!"—The Sunday Magazine.

## STEADY HAND.

A Surgeon's Hand Should Be the Firmest of All.

"For fifteen years I have suffered from insomnia, indigestion and nervousness as a result of coffee drinking," said a surgeon the other day. (Tea is equally injurious because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"The dyspepsia became so bad that I had to limit myself to one cup at breakfast. Even this caused me to lose my food soon after I ate it."

"All the attendant symptoms of indigestion, such as heart burn, palpitation, water brash, wakefulness or disturbed sleep, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, etc., were present to such a degree as to incapacitate me for my practice as a surgeon."

"The result of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum was simply marvelous. The change was wrought forthwith, my hand steadied and my normal condition of health was restored." Name given upon request. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—50-cup tin 30 cts., 100-cup tin 50 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Adv.